

Cold by OTTSTF

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Summary:

" She was so... so ready to just shoot me. Even if I could've begged her not to, she would have. She... she was so cold."

The events of their first week together take a sudden hit on Mike's emotions. El, as always, is there to help.

Cold

Author's Note:

I dunno.

I still have no idea what's going on.

Happiness. Such peacefulness, El feels right now, at the side of Mike, his arm draped over her shoulders as hers is over his. She loves the simplicity of just sitting here, watching TV, losing track of time.

She loves the way Mike will occasionally adjust his position to hold her differently. She loves every time he'll take her other hand in his and smooth his thumb over it. She loves the odd kiss he'll place onto her cheek.

What she doesn't love, is hearing a sniffle from him, that makes her flick her head and focus to him.

She absolutely doesn't love to find tears rolling down his cheek.

She doesn't love the panic that screams inside her stomach as soon as she finds him like this.

"Mike?" she practically jumps out of the position she was in to turn to him.

"What's wrong?"

He shakes his head, trying to hold back the tears which have already fallen, but it's far too late now and he knows it.

"Mike, please." she insists, as the TV's volume lowers, seemingly by itself.

"Whatever it is, you can talk to me." she quotes his words from when she's needed him.

For a brief moment, the quote causes a smile to break onto his face as he looks her in the eyes finally. All too soon, though, he's back to his shivering form, clearly traumatised by whatever he's got on his mind.

"Mike, Mike!" El practically begs, pulling him into her. He doesn't resist her tug, and falls straight into her; his head landing on her

shoulder as he lets out whatever's gotten to him.

El decides to not persist right now; let him get this out before trying to force him to share the cause. For now, she holds him tight, rubbing his back and the back of his head softly.

In the time between then and Mike recovering enough to speak about it, Karen had walked past, to be shocked at the sight of Mike shivering in El's arms. She'd silently asked El what's wrong, to which El shrugged gently, still not knowing herself. With a quick glance to the kitchen, she sees a pen and the booklet Karen uses for her lists.

Pulling them through the air quickly but quietly, she finds an empty page, and, keeping them held up in the air, begins to messily write in the page, having never written with her telekinesis before.

Karen watches in amazement as the notepad and pen float in the air together. She'd found out about El's abilities months ago, but she's sure she'll never get used to seeing them in action.

El drops the pen next to the TV they were watching, passing the notebook to Karen.

What El writes is simple:

When I know, I'll tell you.

Karen smiles softly at the girl, nodding her head in thanks. Slowly walking past as to not inform Mike of her presence, she walks out to allow El to continue her gentle comforting.

With a sniffle, Mike finally pulls himself from El's arms.

"Thanks El." he says through the tears still covering his face.

"Always, Mike." she states seriously.

“Can you talk about it?” she asks. “Do you *want* to?”

Taking a shaky breath, he eventually nods his head. El smiles, glad he’s comfortable to do so.

“I just... started thinking back to our first week.” he says first.

“And it... *it hit me*. How I’d be dead... so easily, if it weren’t for *you*. You saved my life so many times in that *one* week, El, and I’ll never be able to thank you enough.”

“*Mike*, you’re always thanking me.” she reminds him. “Just being with me is thanking me.”

Mike smiles, sniffing again. “And you wonder why I love you so much.”

She laughs gently. “I love you too Mike. I’ll always be here to keep you safe.”

Smiling, Mike lets himself fall against her for another hug.

“You don’t have to worry any more, Mike.” she says, holding him. “I’ll never open another gate. I promise.”

“I know you won’t, El. I know, but... it’s not even the Upside Down that scares me the most, or that... got me crying.” he admits.

“Wh... what is it then? The... the cliff? Van?”

He shakes his head.

“In... the school. The... bad men.”

She remembers. The ones who’d been the reason the Demogorgon found them.

“The lady... who killed Benny. She... she looked me straight in the eye. She was so... so *ready* to just shoot me. Even if I could’ve begged her not to, she would have. She... she was so *cold*. She was aiming straight for me... her gun was... ready, and she... she would’ve done it if you didn’t stop her-”

He's crying again, and El catches him as he falls against her once more. El remembers the cold look in her eyes, too, and it makes *her* shiver as well. Mike's right, she absolutely would not have hesitated if she'd not been stopped by the hold of El.

"She..." El hesitates for what she's thinking. It's such a bad thing to think, but that doesn't stop her from thinking it.

"Out of all of them, she's the one I was most glad to kill." she admits.

Mike pulls back, looking at her with surprise on his face.

"I *know* it's a bad thing to think, but, *because* of how cold she was... because of how *ready* she was... I'm so glad I killed her."

Mike takes this in, and to her surprise, smiles.

"In such an awesome way." he laughs.

Despite the subject, they both laugh together. Nobody need know *what* they're laughing about.

"Thank you, El. For saving me, so many times. For saving Will, for saving the *world*. You're amazing, El."

She finds a tear rolling down her own cheek in response to that.

"*Always*, Mike. I'll never let you be in danger, ever again."

Author's Note:

Thank you, as always. Love you all. <3